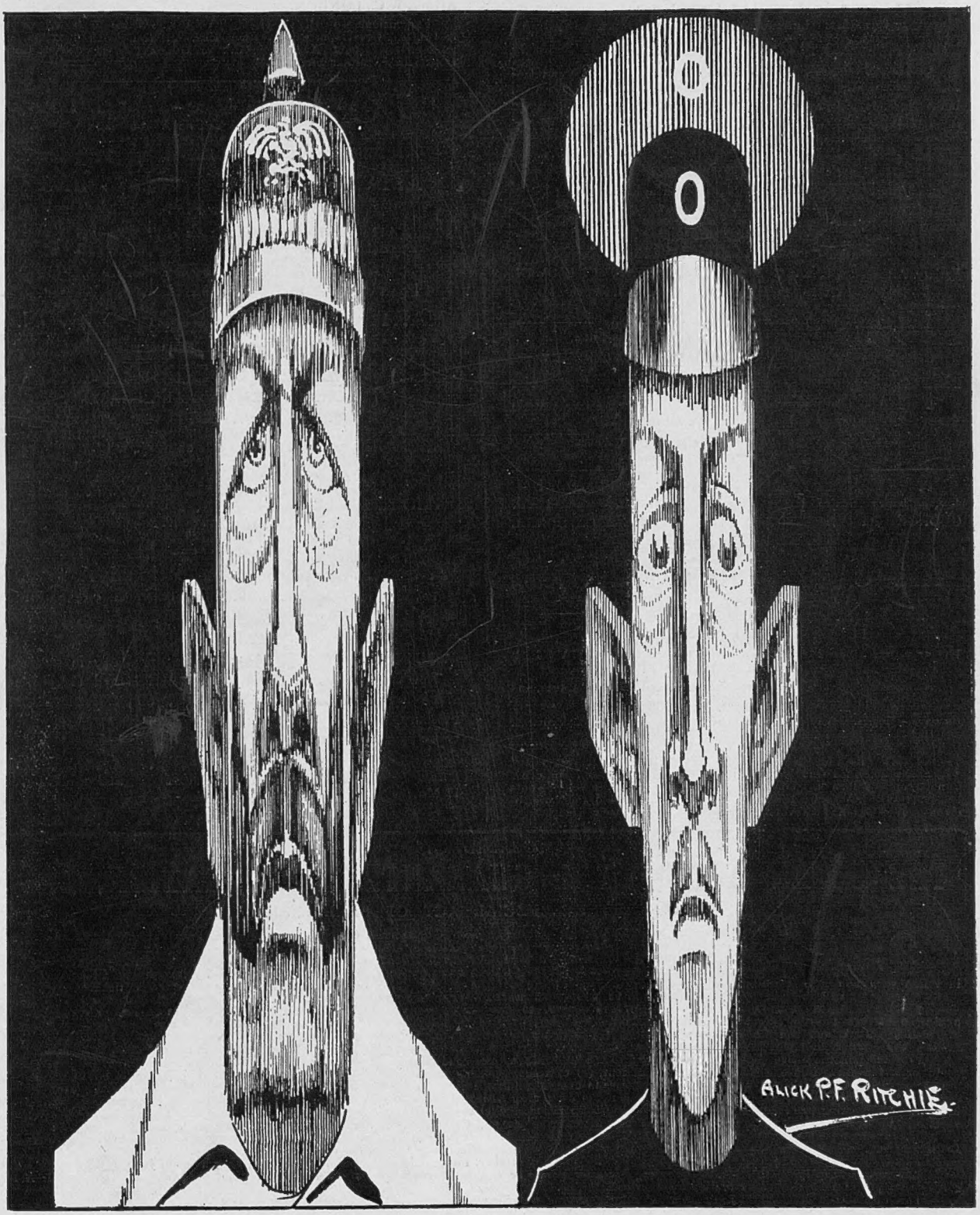
The Bystander, May 31, 1916.—No. 652. Vol. L

The BYSTANDER



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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

"IT IS HOPED"

"It is understood that the Local Government Board are preparing the new Registration Bill, which, it is hoped, will enfranchise the sailors and soldiers who are fighting the country's battles."

⁂ ⁂

"It is Hoped" . . !

THE most interesting part of this sentence (taken from the *Times*) is the phrase "it is hoped." Just grasp it! An election is to take place in the near future to settle the composition of the "People's" House for a statutory period of five years. It is hoped—positively *hoped!*—that a voice in the selection of members of that House will be given to the five million odd able-bodied men who, by serving in H.M. Forces, have preserved for the country the right to rule itself and to have a People's House at all!

⁂ ⁂

Those Who Fight Shall Vote

THE five million soldiers and sailors of the King are not—it is hoped—to be disfranchised like lunatics, criminals, paupers, and—women. They are to have votes, as though for all the world they were the equals of the elderly gentlemen in the club armchairs, the profiteers, the shirkers, and the job-stealers. Well, well. We are getting on, as Mr. Asquith would say.

⁂ ⁂

The Coalition's Concern

BUT what is it "hoped" will be the question on which the suffrages of the five millions will be asked when the time comes, and how, when, and where will it be put? If there is one thing on which His Majesty's Coalition, having a strongly developed sense of self-preservation, will perhaps be unlikely to test the opinion of the five millions it will be on the past conduct of the war. To do that might be, perhaps, to galvanise with active life a spirit of fractious opposition that has been happily laid to rest at Tewkesbury, Wimbledon, and Leicester. The Coalition would like, if they possibly can, to be confirmed in their jobs for five years or, if longer, for the duration of the war, by a unanimous vote, and in order to get that vote they will have to offer the nation something it really wants and prays for.

GENERAL SIR HORACE SMITH-DORRIEN

A strong member of the Special Commission appointed to report upon the Air Service and the complaints made against it

What Will They Offer Us?

WHAT that is we all know—Victory! But in order to secure unanimous support for that programme from an electorate that includes five million fighting men, the mere promise of Victory is not enough. There must also be the assurance of the means and the will to victory. By next autumn, perhaps, when the election is due, the Coalition will be in a position to offer that assurance. Something will have happened on the stricken field or the high seas or in the high airs that will prove our rulers, despite the doubts of weary months of waiting, to have had in their Twenty-Three minds a definite plan for the undoing of the foe.

⁂ ⁂

The Final "Coup"

A GREAT blow will have been struck, suddenly, swiftly, and surprisingly at him in his weakest spot, and carried to its logical conclusion with irresistible force. On the strength of that *coup*, the promise of final victory will be all that the nation will want. We shall, wherever we are, roll up to vote for any object on two legs who stands for the Coalition of Victory, no matter if his "independent" opponent be the Angel Gabriel himself.

⁂ ⁂

Waiting and Week-Ending

BUT it will be necessary first to offer proof of the capacity and the will to win. If it is not offered; if next September finds Ministers still drifting, still waiting, still wondering, still gambling, still week-ending, and nothing has happened in any of the theatres of war which gives evidence of decision and strength, then 'twill be the other way round. The person we shall *not* vote for will be the Coalition candidate, even though *he* be the aforesaid Angel Gabriel. Any object on two legs calling himself "Independent" will then be thought preferable—despite the experience we have had with Mr. Pemberton-Billing.

⁂ ⁂

The Pacifists

THE Country being so in the mood for victory, it reads with impatience that hours of precious time and priceless breath are consumed by the

(*Continued on page 380*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 379)

discussion of "peace." Last week, we had the Commons debate, and this week-end has brought President Wilson's speech. The most remarkable sentence in this oration is that in which the President declares that "with the causes and objects of the war we (the Americans) are not concerned." All I can say is that the sooner the President gets busy with that subject the better. For unless he does, America will never play the rôle of mediator with the consent of the Allies.

❋ ❋

"Not Open to Discussion"

IF any evidence of Germany's conscious guilt were wanted it is provided in the Vienna *Abend*, which reports from an authoritative quarter that "Germany rejects as not open to discussion Sir Edward Grey's repeated demand that the peace negotiations shall take into account the guilty responsibility for the outbreak of the war." If Germany really thought we British were the guilty ones, and that she had a dog's chance of making anybody else believe it, she would have insisted on the matter being discussed. Her desire to avoid the topic is clear proof of her guilt.

"YOU KNOW, I KNOW A THING OR TWO ABOUT AIRCRAFT!"

Lord Northcliffe (right) snapshotted in close conversation with Lord Curzon, who is Chairman of the Air Board. The Press Lord may be relied on to keep the Air Lord well "up" on any points of which he may be ignorant on the subject of aeronautics

❋ ❋

No Whitsuntide Holiday—

I CORDIALLY agree with Mr. Lloyd George that there should be a suspension of the Whitsuntide holiday—but in all classes, please, not the working one alone. And in "all classes" I include Cabinet Ministers. It has been the continuance of these gentlemen to enjoy the week-end, and prolonged adjournments on all occasions and sundry, that have been largely responsible for any slackness that may be urged against the nation. The toilers read regularly every week that Mr. A. spent the week-end at his riverside place, Mr. G. at his golf links, and so on and so forth, and naturally they complain when it is proposed to curtail their own little indulgences.

❋ ❋

—Except in Parliament?

MR. GEORGE'S appeal coincides with the news that the principal business of this week in Parliament will be a debate on the adjournment of the House for the same Whitsuntide Recess, said adjournment to begin a week before the recess. Working-men naturally ask questions when they read this sort of thing, and remember that about six hundred of the Whitsuntide adjourners are receiving £400 a year to adjourn comfortably on.

❋ ❋

Practise What You Preach

IF we have drunk a little less since the war, it has been due to the *example* set by the King, not to speeches made by anybody. Let Ministers announce that they are themselves "knocking off" week-ends, and lending their week-end cottages to wounded soldiers, and the public will readily follow suit. What they object to is this persistent hypocritical nagging at the mouths of people who show not the slightest sign of practising what they preach.

❋ ❋

One More Surprise?

IS the Bulgar invasion into Greece another "surprise"? One presumes not, for there would be no excuse whatsoever for surprise in the circumstances. Local commanders have had no special work to do since they retreated from Macedonia, and a good intelligence service must have been easy enough to organise.

❋ ❋

What! Another Liberal Daily?

IT takes my breath away to read that it is proposed to start a new Liberal daily newspaper in support of the policy of Mr. Lloyd George. I don't know whether most to marvel at the extravagance of the proposal (in view of the price of paper) or the—ingratitude. Hasn't the Minister of Munitions had, all these months, a section of the Press all to himself, and what has it done that the place it has so honestly earned should be given to another?—and a novice, too!

❋ ❋

With a Fresh Flavour?

MUCH as I dislike some of my contemporaries, I have got accustomed to the taste of their particular brand of ginger (or sweet pea or standard bread), and regard with horror the prospect of having to get used to yet another kind.

(*Continued on page 382*)

John George Washington-Bull

"Father! I cannot—I may not—tell a lie!!"

["*No person shall by word of mouth or in writing or in any newspaper, periodical, circular, or other printed publication*
(*a*) Spread false reports or make false statements"
—New "Defence of the Realm Regulations"]

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

Cold-Shouldering Churchill

QUITE an extraordinary amount of inattention was attracted in the Press by Mr. Winston Churchill's remarkable speech on the use of our man-power. For fear there be some strange, mysterious official ban on the subject, I must rest content with saying that I read Mr. Churchill's speech with closer attention than any recent oration, and in the immortal words of Miss Marie Lloyd, "You can't stop a girl from thinking."

⁂ ⁂

Chilly Comfort

EVERY ailment, no matter how trivial, is now being regarded by the "group" man in its relation to his approaching call to the colours. The fear that he might, by any possible chance, be rendered even temporarily unfit for service comes with every sneeze, every spasm, every lump:

"Snuffle, snuffle, little sniff,
How I wonder—wonder if
You're a chill so bad that I
Can't be called up till July?

. . . .

Rankle, rankle, little pain,
Will you in my limb remain?
Or will you depart so soon
That I *shall* be called in June?

. . . .

Gather, gather, little lump,
Will you grow to be a bump
Which by Doctor will be said
To keep, till August, me in bed?

Look In and Laugh!
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Now on view at the
"GRAPHIC" GALLERIES
190, STRAND, W.C.
Some of the Drawings for Sale.
Catalogue and Prices on application to the Manager.

Are Second-Lieutenants Millionaires?

JUNIOR officers will have noted with interest that they are to be included in the State grant scheme—"if a case is made out for them." But what "case" needs to be made out, Mr. Hayes Fisher? Hasn't the Government, by chance, heard that junior officers are often quite impecunious people, whose taking of H.M. commission (without separation allowances) means serious hardship to their relations? To put it bluntly, isn't it common or garden horse-sense? And what sort of dunderheads are being paid to rule this country if a "case" has to be made out to prove the elementary and obvious facts of life?

⁂ ⁂

Elementary Education

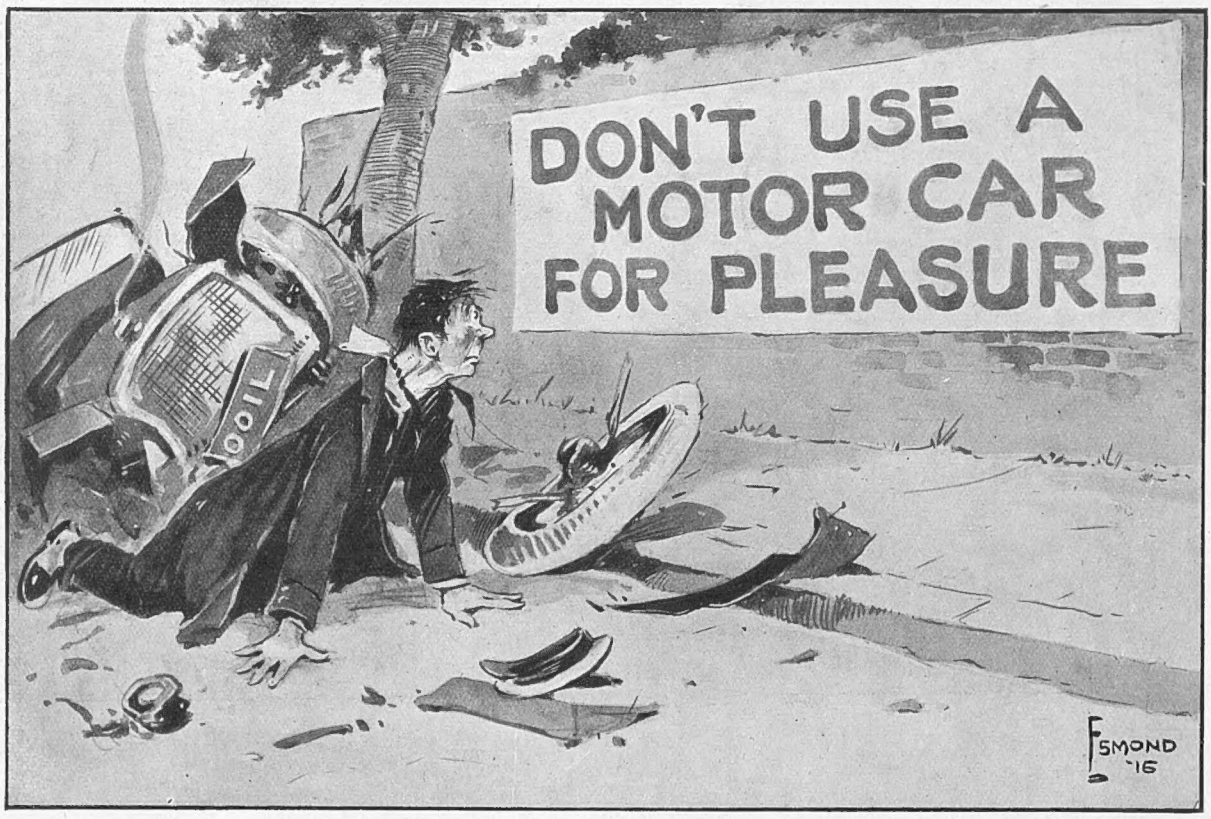
I SUGGEST as an addition to our various Committees a Committee of School-Children. Every day a party should sally forth from Whitehall and forcibly seize three infants. These should be taken inside an office in Whitehall and asked certain questions such as:

"What is the addition of the figures two and two?"

"Do junior officers need separation allowances?"

"How many beans make five?"

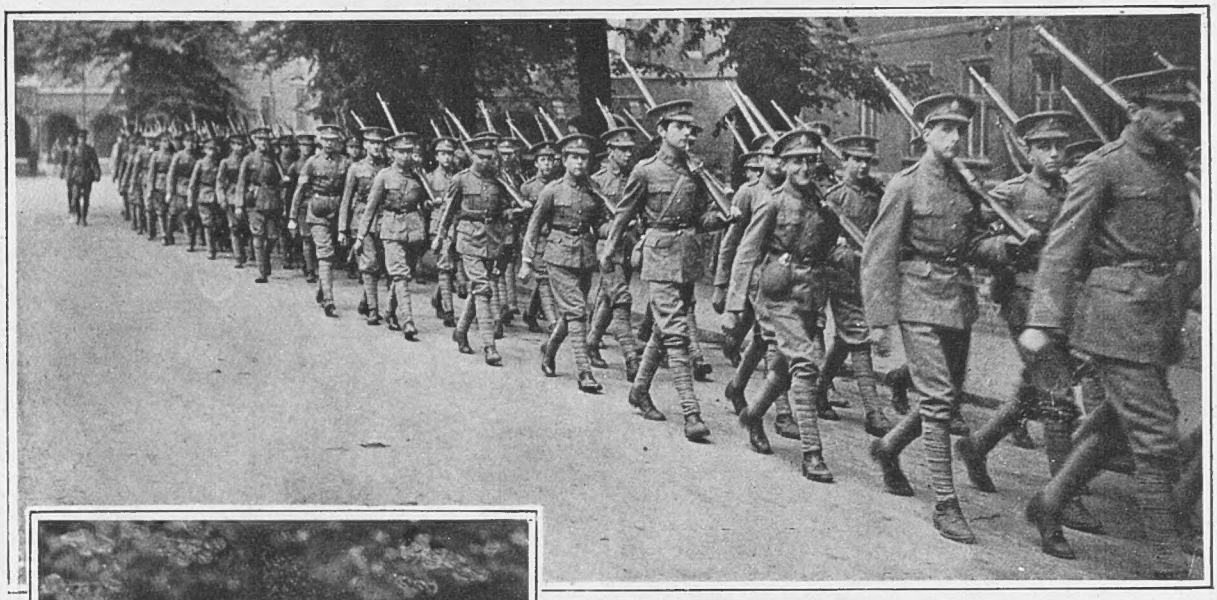
And so on and so forth. The Government would in this way assure itself of a continuous "combing out" of useful elementary facts that would be of great help to it in the winning of the war.



THESE HELPFUL POSTERS! WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITHOUT THEM?

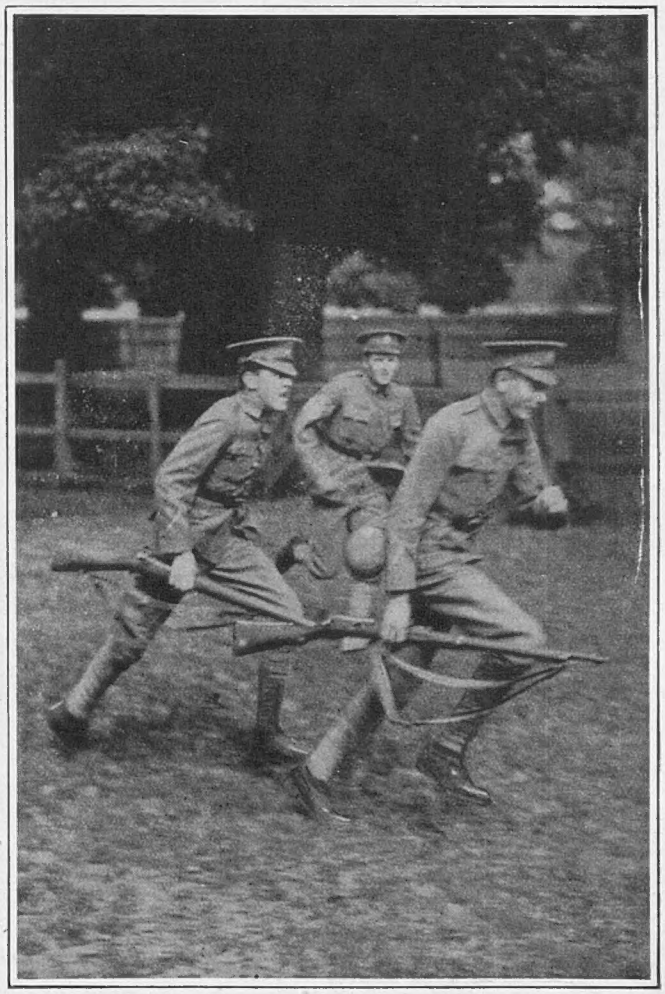
Training for the Next War?

MILITARISM REACHES THE PLAYING-FIELDS OF ETON



A COMPANY OF THE ETON COLLEGE O.T.C.
On the march from Eton to Windsor Park for field manœuvres

Photographs
PRINCE HENRY, THE KING'S THIRD SON
Already a well-set-up and manly figure in the uniform of the Eton College O.T.C.



Sport and General
PRACTICE FOR THE "REAL THING"
An advance at the double

The Duke of Wellington's often-quoted aphorism is naturally still treasured at Eton, and the successors of many generations of soldiers who learnt their first discipline there are worthily following in the footsteps of their fathers

This Week's Society Portraiture

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MRS. HARRY STURGIS

Wife of Major Sturgis, of the Rifle Brigade. Before her marriage she was Miss Grinnell Milne. Major Sturgis, home on sick leave, is now at work at the War Office

Photograph *Walter Barnett*

A CHARMING PICTURE OF MISS COTTERELL

Who is engaged to be married to Second-Lieut. C. D. Leyland, of the 1st Life Guards, son of Mr. C. J. Leyland, of Haggeston Castle, Northumberland. Miss Cotterell is the daughter of Sir J. Cotterell, Bart., Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Hereford

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *May* 29, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN—

REALLY it looks as if something rather exciting ought to be happening soon—France and Flanders alive with men and guns and great armies everywhere, and talk about that push coming off now rather East than West. Anyway, they've got a new man in command at Salonica—General Milne, who's a Scottish strategist and one of the new scientific soldiers. Nothing of the dashing but brainless military man about *him*, so I'm told.

"—And don't goats butt or something?"

AND I can't say I noticed anything *wildly* patriotic in the way of clothes, either, though it must be a save in stuff, I suppose, to make the skirts like kilts. The *right* things cost p'raps just a shade less than they used to—the dress people simply haven't the face to be quite so sinfully dear as in the old days. But you don't get them even now exactly *cheap*, you know, and women will have them or die, though London be plastered with "Extravagance in Dress is Unpatriotic."

BUT as to the war, of course we've been a bit held up about it here at home lately. I mean, such a lot of other things to worry about—"God's Own Counthry," for one, and Daylight Saving, and Who's-to-Pay-the-Married-Man's-Rent for another.

NOT to speak of all the dozens of social shows going on in London now, where the restaurants and revues and the supper clubs and the rest of it are going stronger than ever. With a war-touch about them, certainly. But very like the ordinary festivities of an ordinary season all the same, except that people *call* them quiet and try to keep them fairly small. "Everyone" went as usual to the World's Biggest Flower Show at Chelsea last week, and as for war-economy—well, there was a shortage of rock-gardens, I believe, and no big tent so's to save labour. But that's as far as it went.

THE flowers flamed and flared and flaunted more flaunting and flaring and flamboyant than ever, and all, of course, of the most *expensive* kinds—not a bit the penny-a-packet sort duchesses and people tell us to put in our gardens in war-time. And spite of the impassioned appeals of the War Savings experts they hadn't abolished the priceless orchid tent to make room for prize potatoes or outsize onions or champion cabbages.

"To swim at the Bath Club every morning"

ONE of the mysteries of the age, by the way, isn't it, *who* wants us to win the war by wearing last year's frocks? Not Cabinet Ministers, obviously, for *their* women mostly wear the *very* last word—and don't drive about in motor-'buses either. And certainly not the Forces, who seem positively to consider it one of the legitimate joys of leave—to find the women so "amusingly" turned-out, wearing something quite utterly different from anything they've ever seen before.

AND if the new frocks are worn with a semi-guilty air—you know, the yes-it-*was*-very-extravagant-but-I-wanted-to-look-nice-for-*you* touch—all the better. Sins committed in such a cause are, after all, *very* forgivable, aren't they?

THE all-for-you plea is also, of course, *the* great excuse for all the little dances that happen most nights of the week. For youth must have its fling if there is a war, and the débutantes kept quiet somehow; and they're mostly smallish, and all for someone either coming on leave or just going off it. But the "very quiet and simple" style is never, of course, a *lasting* one, and there are tales already of almost pre-war-time bills for flowers and hot suppers and nigger bands and things, while the very last scream in dance clubs could hardly be called an economy by a multi-millionaire.

(Continued on page 386)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 385)

TALKING of amusements—had a heat-wave, too, last week. One of those tantalising suggestions of what summer can do that we usually get—quite unexpectedly—in spring and don't later on when we've ordered in millions of cool drinks, sworn to swim at the Bath Club every morning, and invested in a pre-war-time supply of what Jane Austen calls our airy muslins.

⁂ ⁂

IT came dashing in—the heat-wave I'm still talking about—on the same day as we altered the clocks to summer-time. And England now is a fluffy fairy-land of vivid green and gold—the buttercups

"Their million, million drops of gold
Among the green—"

and the gorse and the kingcups and the cowslips and the mustard and the yellow iris and the drooping loveliness of the laburnums, all gold against the green.

⁂ ⁂

WHICH reminds me, talking of war economies, he must tread a thorny path these days, the earnest, conscientious person who really tries to do all the things the papers and the posters tell him to. Take our garden-lawns—a duchess is going to make hay on hers, and suggests that the rest of us ought to.

⁂ ⁂

ALL very well for a duchess, isn't it? When bored by hay she, of course, could always pop over to the next nearest ducal seat. But not quite so simple for the rest of us, who measure our one little ewe lawn by inches instead of acres. And what can anyone do, anyway, with four square yards of hay?

⁂ ⁂

APROPOS it's a peer who says, "Don't mow your lawns in war-time. Keep 'a few' goats instead, and feed the neighbouring infants." Which really does—well, tear it, don't you think so? Picture to yourself the *crowd* there'd be in, say, my garden at tea-time. And the niff. . . . And don't goats butt or something?

⁂ ⁂

RATHER nice, of course, to "feed the neighbouring infants"—goats'-milk parties, the new war-time entertainment. But would the infants (and parents) come properly up to the scratch? For peers, with obsequious tenants dropping curtsies and things, no doubt. But a severe smack in the eye, moral if not literal, is about all the ordinary householder would probably get for his pains.

⁂ ⁂

EVEN in gardens, though, goats couldn't be more perfectly horrid than some of the pests our men out in the East have to put up with. "Mosquitoes as big as hawks visit us quite regularly," writes a nice major-man from the desert, "and the camels. . . . You'd love the camels, Blanche. They are toppers, and a ride on one of 'em twenty miles or so into the desert is as good for you as crossing the Bay in half a gale of wind.

"Obsequious tenants — dropping curtsies and things"

⁂ ⁂

"YOU have to be very nippy with them, because when they aren't kicking they're biting. Horses loathe passing them, and it's fun, I can tell you, to meet a drove of them on a narrow towpath on the Canal. You get some sort of a choice, certainly—there's a canal each side of you to fall into, one salt the other fresh. The great attraction about the fresh one is that it harbours a topping little bug, which you suck up through your pores, and which eats into your liver in one year.

⁂ ⁂

"THE flies that swarm round here are the most pestiferous in the world. This *is* a nice land. Our only frolics are scraps with the mouldy Bedouin, and it rather spoils some of *them* when he mops some of us up too."

⁂ ⁂

WELL, well, I suppose it's the life, and I suppose none of them would care to be out of it, as things are, even if they could. But they *are* rather going through it, our splendid men, aren't they? And I'm sure I don't know how we'll ever be able to make up to them for all they've so gallantly done and done without. They're always thanking me for the "nice things" I say about them. But I never say even half of what we all of us are feeling, and if there's any gratitude going it's all the other way round.

⁂ ⁂

BY the way, I have to acknowledge, with very many thanks, another ten shillings, that comes to me from the wilds of Asia this time, to buy "anything that'll help a little bit." The sender asks, do I really dress like the pictures, and doesn't seem to think it possible, and says, "Now *do* be nice to me, Blanche, won't you? 'Cos it's rotten being away from one's pals and nobody loves us, and we can't make love to girls with brown bodies and black faces, and for what you call their 'most m-psy undies'—two strings and a stamp!"

⁂ ⁂

WELL, no, perhaps they can't, poor dears, and anyway how horrid for them. Though I've mostly found, I must confess, that they can make love anywhere to anything. "Always the time and the place"—doesn't the poet say? and, of course, it's largely a matter of imagination. As I've just been reading somewhere, "If it weren't for imagination a man would be just as happy in the arms of a milkmaid as in those of a duchess." But it rather depends on the—er—milkmaid, don't you think?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

London Season Reawakens

WITH FLOWERS AND FROCKS AT CHELSEA

DOM MANOEL AND DONA AUGUSTINA

MRS. ASQUITH
Talking to little Viscount Moore

A STROLL THROUGH THE ORNAMENTAL GARDENS AT CHELSEA

One of the prettiest features of one of the best shows the R.H.S. has held since it left the Temple Gardens. Even in war-time the development of new varieties of flowers does not diminish, and orchids and roses were more beautiful than ever

Manners and the Khaki-Man

OR THE COURTESY OF CONSCIOUS STRENGTH

THE most gentlemanly man I ever met was a murderer. A Chinaman, he was subtle to his finger-tips; but charming. His amazing manners so delighted me that I could think of nothing else. I am sure he apologised to his victim at every stage of his particularly bloody crime, and he must have unnerved his own executioner with his politeness. And, really, when it is a matter of death manners are more important than ever. I can imagine that death might be almost ugly unless everything were done decently and in order. Trench warfare has its own limitations I know, and bombs are painfully theatrical. But even so the habits of a life-time cannot be forgotten in the riot of a few weeks.

—•••—

OUR British Tommy is a prince of fighters. If at times he imagines that he is out on a big-game expedition he never forgets that his enemies are human men, and that although death is the price they must pay before his victory is won, death must be according to the rules and decencies. The art of killing is, of course, barbaric, but the necessity for it is whispered by the angels, or, at any rate, by the Boches. When our national manners stand the test of the battlefield there is surely a great deal to be said for them.

—•••—

WHEN we meet with the young gentlemen on their last leave before "going out" we wonder how they will do their killing. After some months they return on short leave and dine with us. They chat charmingly of young girls and roses; of the last revue. They are just as they were—before. Their barbaric in-between is never referred to, and from their manners could never be even suspected. They have left their dead behind them, and as they drink their wine they laugh over the little things of the life that is about them. And some of them are not much more than schoolboys!

—•••—

THE things we don't really like doing are the things we soonest forget. By a sane and Divine dispensation pleasure outlives pain. When the war is over one out of every three of our grown-up men will have taken the lives of the Empire's enemies. And none of them will ever speak of it, or even think of it. These good fellows will be church-wardens, city councillors, and will fill every kind of honourable post. And when they sit on a coroner's jury they will shudder over a poor little dead baby without even a thought for the red field of the slain. This brings me to the great maxim of manners. "Nothing is wrong that is right." And no real gentleman recalls his own right-doings. He may wear a medal, perhaps, just to prove that the drill-sergeant took him in hand in the days of "Wait and See," but that will be the only outward and visible remaining sign of his past conflicts.

SOME people are terrified of militarism. They imagine that it has come to stay; that we are to have a military caste, and that nice gentle civilians are to be shouldered off the pavement by swash-buckling khaki lads. All I can say is that the war has lasted nearly two years and there is no sign of anything of the sort. And please remember that our soldiers are civilians through and through. The officer on leave simply flies to mufti. Indeed, the West End is full of smart young men who listen to charming music with the echo of the guns still shrieking in their ears.

—•••—

CONSCIOUS strength in all but brutes turns to tenderness; authority to consideration for others. To the millions under arms the war has been a social revelation. Class war died in the trenches with the first show of peril. Officers and men are *all* men, and no one can be more and none have been less. And the officer-class also have learnt much. They know to what heights loyalty in danger can rise; what quiet uncomplaining endurance under privation can achieve. The grand fellows who fought side by side at the Front are not coming home to fight against one another.

—•••—

A SUBALTERN wrote to me the other day. "We are having a devil of a hot time, but we manage to get our shave. If we missed that we should feel cheap potatoes and never stand up to the job!" There is a testimonial to manners for you! Another says: "Put it as you like, but war *is* spiritualising. I don't say we have turned pie, but we think and *feel*. I myself remember all sorts of old texts and things that I am sure never crossed my mind since I was a kid! . . . War is a sort of religion in itself. Somehow every chap who has been knocked out seems to be your pal. . . ." Before this truth I bare my head.

—•••—

AND, as I write, I think of one who went out fair as any lad that came from the hand of God. Clean-limbed, girt with strength and grace, pure-eyed, white of soul—he rests beneath one of those little wooden crosses. Yet I say with a full heart that nothing he could have done in life is equal to what he wrought in death. The raging bitterness in which I first learnt of his loss has passed before a quiet of his own making. He was too splendid to picture through tears.

—•••—

WAR is Life triumphant, but Death is the super-Conqueror. Even the men who return will ever think of the comrades left behind. And the men who have been so very close to death will never flaunt haughtily over life. For a living lifetime it is her glorious dead who will really rule the Empire. And in our policies and personal conduct just as we venerate the lives that have been lost we shall be strong, swift, and tender to succour the weak and needy that remain. After all, this is merely the Divine ordering of Nature under which Life conquers Death. FOR'ARD ON

The "Mufti" Habit

HE (in khaki collar, and plastered with regimental colours, etc.): "All the swagger crushes wear mufti on leave, you see; such rotten bad form to advertise oneself as an officer, dontcherthink?"

BY MAJOR D. DE LA C. RAY

The Bystander in Paris

"PERSONALLY CONDUCTED"

"Nothing I admire so much as early rising"

OF course, different people base their convictions upon different points of view. But if you ask *me* why I'm certain that the Allies are going to win the war I shall tell you quite honestly that I don't believe failure is possible to people who understand psychology and who get up so early in the morning as the French do. There is nothing I admire more than early rising.

⁂

I LIKE to admire it from my bed, with a comfortable cup of tea in front of me and the pillows nicely heaped up behind, and, while I admire it, to toy with a newspaper or two and open a few letters with cheques in them. The other day I received a letter *sans* cheque. It was headed "Cabinet of the Minister, Service of Diplomatic Information, Ministry for Foreign Affairs." It told me that I "had expressed the desire to be admitted to a visit of the French Sanitary Formations," and that the writer of the letter was "happy to inform me that this visit would take place on such a date, and that I had been designated to participate in it." It went on to tell me what I was to be shown and that a "Major Doctor would conduct me in a motor-car and furnish me with all complementary indications."

⁂

IT also remarked that I would "oblige the Service of Diplomatic Information of the Cabinet of the Minister of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs by "finding myself in the courtyard of the Quai d'Orsay at a quarter past eight in the morning!!" Grrrhh! You know the kind of mornings we have been having lately! And, of course, the alarum went off at six a.m. instead of at seven, and equally, of course, I threw a slipper at it, turned my back on it contemptuously, and woke up again in a terrible hurry at a quarter to eight.

⁂

BUT I captured a cab and a piece of chocolate and a croissant, and at a quarter-past eight twenty of us, Allies and neutrals, cursed the French Government heartily for its early hours in the courtyard of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, and shook hands with and made polite little speeches to the Major Doctor who was to be our escort. The motor-cars were there, and we were told to "arrange ourselves as we wished, as we all knew ourselves."

"Of course, there was a stranger. There always is"

⁂

OF course, there was a stranger. There always is. He was a young man in a grey suit, with a curious gift of silence. (Eh? No, the suit wasn't loud, either, but it was the man who had the gift of silence.) We never found out who he was. There was a vague suggestion that he was a Spaniard, and opinions were evenly divided as to whether he was a spy or a detective. He didn't take any notes, so he wasn't a French journalist, or a Russian journalist, or a Dutch journalist, and he certainly wasn't a British or an American journalist, because I should have known him if he had been.

⁂

WE, Anglo-Saxons, by the way, are the only kind of journalists in Paris who do not produce notebooks and pencils on all occasions. There was somebody in "Alice in Wonderland" who used to do that and who wrote with his finger when he lost his pencil, you remember. The copious notes of the foreign journalist on all occasions must, I fancy, be just as useful. We got into our State cars, and we drove, and we drove, and we drove. And we visited sanitary formations of all possible kinds from establishments where soldiers were fitted with new arms and legs to establishments where guinea pigs were bred and blind men taught gardening.

⁂

WE indulged, *en route*, in little bets as to whether the Director of the next establishment would be explanatory or speechificatious. Because there are two kinds of directors on these trips. One is rather bored by you, lets you see what you like, and is openly glad

(Continued on page 392)

His Spoils of Victory

ONE OF THE THINGS WHICH WILL SURELY HAPPEN TO THE HUNS IF THEY INVADE ENGLAND

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (concluded from page 390)

when you go, the other has prepared a speech, and lectures abominably. You should see the pencils fly! And sometimes when the crowd is dropping with fatigue the Professor produces a little printed *résumé* of his lecture and distributes it. And that's when the Anglo-Saxon journalist chuckles.

❋

But we are all very intelligent, of course, and we prove our intelligence by asking innumerable and unnecessary questions. The Russians are particularly good at the game. You wouldn't believe *how* interested the vast newspaper-reading population of Russia is in the difficulty of obtaining *café-à-la-crême* coloured guinea pigs with one pink eye, and in their exact comparative value for obtaining serum against tetanus. But where interest reaches its height and the cross-fire of questions becomes intense, is when they show you the kitchens.

❋

They usually choose lunch-time to do it, which is very tantalising. Because when a man has breakfasted (breakfasted!!) off a piece of chocolate and a war-time croissant at 8 a.m. (strafe!) *comprenez-vous*, he is naturally interested in the details of cookery on a large scale. But they never say "Perhaps you would like to taste. . . ." The man of mystery spoke the only words I heard him utter when we left those kitchens. "*J'ai faim, moi*," he said. The remark made him more unpopular than ever.

❋

I had a little chat, at the end of our two days' journey, with the military gentleman who had personally conducted us, and I asked him why it was so difficult for individual journalists to get permission to see these interesting things, which were shown so willingly to journalists in groups. "It is to make things easy for the censor," he explained. "Like that in groups, they see comparatively little." I pointed silently to five *confrères* who were interviewing a gardener and scribbling busily. "Oh, yes," said Monsieur le Médecin Major. "Oh, yes, but the notes they cannot read them afterwards."

"Notes? Why they cannot even read them"

"Interviewing the gardener and busily scribbling notes"

❋

And now you know why I am sure that the French will beat the Germans. Not only do they get up early in the morning, but their knowledge of psychology is fearsome.

John N. Raphael

Chancellor Bethmann Poses

BEFORE THE CAMERA, IN A MILIEU OF RESPECTABILITY

ENTERTAINING BULGARIAN GUESTS AT BERLIN

Quite an air of respectability imparts itself to the above scene. That once well-known symbol of dignity the top-hat seems to survive in the capital of Prussia—possibly to "impress neutrals." The new pose of the Chancellor (seen in uniform in the centre) is, of course, that of a nice quiet gentlemanly party, who would be only too glad to stop the war if only the brutal, bloodthirsty British would agree. We are sorry, but it will be a long time yet before we get out our "toppers." We are only beginning to get used to those helmets for which the Huns set the fashion

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

Chat on 'Change

"You owes me two francs and I owes you one that's got into the lining of me coat; that makes it right, don't it?"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Somewhere in Flanders"

QUEER WAYS OF GETTING WOUNDED

My Dear Bystander—

It is really quite surprising what variety may be found among the victims at an average French casualty clearing station. The exigencies of the service took me inside a hospital this morning, and, business disposed of, I had a five-minute chat with a young *artilleur* who had had his nose broken in three places by a fish blown out of a canal by the burst of a 12-inch shell. On the next bed of suffering lay a poor fellow who had caught his foot in the dug-out rat-trap, and his hectic views on people who turned out patent rat-traps which trapped everything but rats would have brought tears of disappointment to the eyes of the manufacturers.

* *

On the other side of the room sat an *ambulancier* of the hospital who had been badly bitten in the neck while tending a delirious African, and not far away there lay stretched a melancholy looking *poilu* with a bullet in his thigh. Inquiry elicited the information that this was *le soldat Lefevre* and that his was a peculiarly regrettable case.

* *

It seems that the other day he saw an aeroplane make a landing in a field near where he stood. The idea that it might be an enemy machine never entered his head. He saw an aeroplane clearly not of French pattern, and concluded at once that it must be British, as also the pilot who was standing beside it. Up rushed the simple soldier and shook the Boche warmly by the hand, at the same time expressing the earnest hope that matters were not serious. The Boche, realising the other's mistake, twisted up his face and did his best to look pleasant. And just as they were lighting cigarettes and vowing eternal friendship a party of *tirailleurs* came round a bend in the lane. Taking in the situation at a glance—a black cross aeroplane on the ground—they came on at the double, unslinging their rifles as they ran. Amazed and mortified at this sudden inexplicable hostility, Lefevre lost his head completely and ran like a hare in the direction of home and friends. He covered exactly 23 metres of ground and then stopped abruptly owing to circumstances over which he had no control.

* *

Fortunately it is a good clean wound, they say, and will soon heal up. Poor chap. They say that from the hour when it was broken to him as gently as possible that the Boche had never moved and had simply been taken prisoner unpunctured, he turned his face to the wall and has refused all nourishment, and it is only when he is asleep that they can feed him through the nostrils with a tube. They doubt if he'll ever be the same man again.

* *

Given a good clue there is no reason why, in my sort of work, success should not succeed success with almost sickening regularity. I have had a deadly clue to-day, and have been most awfully busy looking for a man whose description is given as "name unknown, medium height, medium build, nose normal, brown hair, fresh complexion, sometimes smokes a cigarette when walking." A marked man like this cannot escape me for long; I expect to have him at any moment now. I have also got my eye open for a man who is reported to have asked for a drink at an *estaminet*, and though—as the report informs me—he complained as to the quality of the drink supplied, yet he "speaks neither French, Flemish, or English." A man like this should go far. In fact, he seems to have gone some distance already, for nobody seems to have seen anything more of him.

* *

I have also been keeping observation on a farmhouse. It is a curious thing, but people who report house cases never fail to remark the well-known signals employed between spy and spy. The symptoms are always the same. As your informant passes the house his attention is attracted by (1) a low whistle, (2) the sound of a window gently closing (or opening), (3) the silhouette of a man at the wainscote, and in six cases out of ten (4) a red light which appears at a window at the back. The last house case I was on I distinctly heard most of these things. I put my head cautiously over the fence, and was just in time to witness a beautiful maiden leap into the arms of her Romeo *poilu*. It was a romantic scene, but on an empty stomach it left me without enthusiasm.

Yours ever, Jack Johnson

"IT SEEMED AS IF IT HAD TO BE"

"Some of them 'Uns ain't so bad, mate. Two of 'em died to save my life to-day"

"Wot?"

"Yus. I made 'em"

On Sand and Water: Anz

Anzac Day on the Suez Canal was a great day; for the Prince of Wales was there to inspect the almost illimitab
top picture drawn up in the Sinai Desert just before starting on a little expedition against the Turks and Arabs. The
enjoying a dip. The Egyptian boats are loaded w

zac Day at the Suez Canal

ly varied armies who serve his Royal father. Among them were the Australian Light Horse, who are shown in the lower photograph gives an excellent idea of the Suez Canal and its surroundings. The Anzacs are evidently thoroughly th stone to be used for making roads in the desert

"CARRY ON!"

A BYSTANDER WEEKLY REVUE

FOURTH PERFORMANCE

SCENE I.: THE ETERNAL FEMININE

[*Curtain rises and discovers a bevy of fashionably dressed women chatting at their club.*]

CHORUS (*of indignation*)

Isn't it funny the way men talk?
Goodness! Haven't you heard?
Latymer says he knows our ways!
Isn't it too absurd?
The poor man's guessed we're overdressed;
Our extravagance he attacks—
Fiddlededee! He ought to see
We haven't a rag to our backs.

. . . .

Rags and tatters, rags and tatters!
Better grow fur and simplify matters.
Go to Coutts with holes in your boots
Wouldn't they make a fuss!
Men are madder than hares or hatters,
Giving us leave in feminine matters—
What we say is: "A fig for Latymer!
But none of his leaves for us."

. . .

[*They dance gaily round the room. Enter Mr. H. G. Wells, making munitions and thinking very deep and very beautiful thoughts. On seeing the fashionably dressed women dancing he is horror-stricken.*]

SCENA: MR. WELLS AND CHORUS

MR. WELLS: Girls, girls, beautiful girls,
Daughters of Eve, perhaps daughters of Earls,
Don't be so rowdy, but go about dowdy,
For it's dowdy what does it,
Dear girls.

. . . .

CHORUS: Boy, boy, beautiful boy,
Don't be so nasty, you only annoy;
Down with the sad eye, and give us the glad eye,
It's the glad eye what does it,
Dear boy.

. . . .

MR. WELLS: Girls, girls, beautiful girls,
Let me implore you to cut off your curls,
You'll never need 'em to work out your freedom,
And it's freedom what does it,
Dear girls.

. . . .

CHORUS: Boy, boy, beautiful boy,
Tell us another and don't be so coy.
Freedom, we're thinking, is easy as winking,
And it's winking what does it,
Dear boy.

[*The fashionably dressed women wink at Mr. Wells, who spurns them and goes off sadly making munitions and thinking beautiful thoughts. The scene changes to*]

SCENE II.: THE ONLY WAY

[*A depressing situation is discovered somewhere in England. It is raining hard, and nothing can be seen but an "Evening News" poster bearing a legend that would give Job the hump. Enter from opposite sides John Bull and Britannia. They are hastily glancing through the evening paper, and are evidently on the verge of collapse. On seeing each other they throw away their papers and embrace hysterically.*]

DUET: "IT USED TO BE THERE"

BRIT.: Dearest John, I'm full of troubles,
Every blessed burden doubles,
And my hopes are only bubbles
Built to burst.
BULL: Ah, that's the worst, they always burst!
But, my lass, though clouds may lower,
There's no need for us to cower,
We've a Parliament in power!
BRIT.: In power? Where?
BULL (*vaguely*): Oh—er—somewhere, it used to be there!

. . . .

BOTH: It used to be there! It used to be there!
But it's gone, yes it's gone too far,
Moss has grown on it,
Flies have blown on it,
And we don't know where we are.
BRIT.: We must see to it—you agree to it?
BULL: I agree to it, as you say—
BOTH: We must pull ourselves together,
And just try and find out whether
We cannot get a Cromwell right away.

. . . .

BRIT.: Dearest John, we've got a mission,
I've a kind of premonition
We shall biff the Coalition
If we try
Just you and I, that's if we try.
BULL: Ah, my lass, they'll try and balk us
With their Party chorus raucous
And their hyphenated caucus.
BRIT.: Caucus? Where?
BULL: Ah—er—somewhere, it used to be there!

. . . .

BOTH: It used to be there! It used to be there!
If it's gone, it has not gone far.
Money's blown on it,
Graft has grown on it,
And we don't know where we are.
BRIT.: We must see to it—you agree to it?
BULL: I agree to it, as you say—
We ourselves alone can right us!
BRIT.: But suppose it tries to bite us?
BULL: Then we'll whistle for a p'liceman right away!

[*They strut off arm-in-arm*]

[*Curtain*]

(FURTHER SCENES NEXT WEEK.)

"MORE FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

Con Moto Perpetuo

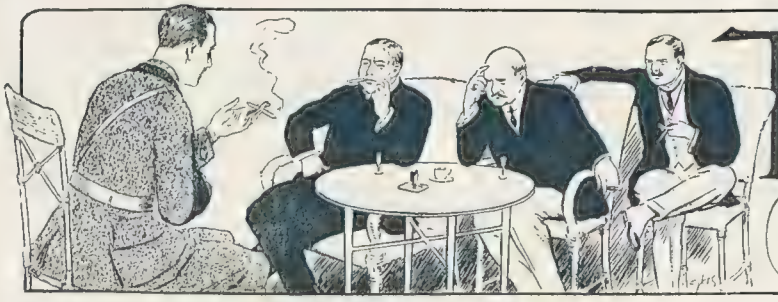
"OUR BERT" (going on leave—having asked a question, and having listened to three minutes unintelligible eloquence): "And 'ow does the chorus go?"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Wait Your Turn

HUNGRY CLUB MEMBERS: A SAD RESULT OF THE PAPER FAMINE

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY



The Test

By C. STARR JOHNS

THREE men were sitting in the bay window of an hotel at one of the well-known seaside resorts. They were plump, comfortable-looking men with an air of having dined wisely and well. Although no one of them would have confessed it, they were relieved that the weather prevented their afternoon parade drill. They sat and gazed at the sea, or as much of it as the rain and mist would allow.

Having no physical discomforts to grumble at they presently began to offer their criticisms on our conduct of the war; and after they had all listened to each other with solemn interest, they became more personal in their conversation, relating how the war had affected their trade or profession. One, who wore the collar which denoted his calling, uttered as his belief the theory that many of the horrors narrated in the newspapers existed only in the minds of the writers. He rather pooh-poohed the idea of so much tragedy, of the wrecking of this man's life and that man's fortune through the publicity caused by the nation's departure from the normal. The others, not having thought about it, allowed him to ramble on without interruption, save various grunts of somnolent approval. They had not noticed a fourth man, reclining in a big lounge chair, with its back turned to the window, and now were surprised when he hoisted himself out of the chair and came towards them. He was a tall man with a weather-beaten face, dressed in khaki, and carried an arm in a sling. The clergyman, with a little thrill at his worldly knowledge, perceived by the stars on his cuff that he was a lieutenant. The newcomer apologised for his intrusion.

"I trust, gentlemen, you will pardon my breaking in on your conversation, but I couldn't help hearing the opinions expressed about the tragedies of war. I hope you will not think me presumptuous when I tell you that, terrible as some of the stories are, there are others far worse, unspoken of. If you can spare me a few minutes I will tell you of one, which I think will change your opinion."

The three men gravely expressed pleasure at what they looked upon as a most pleasing change from their general after-luncheon conversation. They motioned to the soldier to take a chair, and draw up to their circle. The man nearest to him presented a fat cigar-case for him to take his choice of its contents. Each of them felt that they were on the edge of something real, something vital, and felt a pleasurable thrill at the novelty. Very gravely the soldier, having lighted his cigar, proceeded with his promised story:

"You will, of course, understand that it is impossible for me to give you any details of place or person, but I may tell you that it was somewhere in France, very shortly after the beginning of the war, and one of the chief characters was the Colonel of a very noted regiment.

"He was sitting in a broken chair before a rough kitchen table, in the larger of the only two rooms left of a ruined farmhouse. His features had the stamp of one accustomed all his life to command. He looked what he was, an aristocrat. He was writing rapidly, when the door opened and a young lieutenant entered and saluted.

"'Wait a moment, my boy,' said the Colonel, and finished the letter he was writing, then he looked up and smiled with a grim pleasantness.

"'You have received your orders, Gerald, but I thought I would like to see you, before you started, to know if you have any message to send to Madge?'

"'No, thank you, sir, I have already written to her.'

"The Colonel smiled.

"'I thought any offer would be superfluous, but we hadn't congratulated each other yet; and if you are as well satisfied to be a father, as I am to be a grandfather, our congratulations will not be sham ones.'

"'By Jove, sir, no, but I can hardly believe it yet, and I never thought that it would make a man feel such a devil of a chap to have a child of his own to call him father.'

"'It's a fine thing,' said the Colonel, 'a fine thing, and I believe I remember feeling much as you do, when Madge was born. By Jove, lad, we can congratulate the boy too, for a cross between an Estcourt and a Ferrers is no mean heritage—but I mustn't keep you. Take care of yourself, as far as possible.'

"Gerald shook his father-in-law's hand, saluted, and withdrew.

"Colonel Ferrers sat playing idly with his pen for some ten minutes, after the boy had gone. His face had softened, and a little smile hovered on his lips—for his mind had reverted to his old home in England, where he knew that, even now, his only daughter would be laughing with delight over her new-born baby. The harsh challenge of the sentry outside his door recalled him from his land of dreams. An officer entered and saluted.

"'A spy, Colonel,' he said.

"With a little sigh the Colonel motioned to him to come nearer, and listened quietly while the officer related the details of the capture. He produced various papers upon which there were memoranda sufficient to condemn a dozen men.

"'Fetch him in, Major,' said the Colonel at length.

"There was no sign of the smile upon his face now,

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Continued on page 402)

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (concluded from page 401)

as he sat watching the door, through which the prisoner was to enter. His face was impassive in its severity, the mouth a grim line across the face: yet, for an instant, a look of pained surprise shot across his features as the Spy was brought before him. The look of one who has seen a friend do a despicable action. As soon as his eyes had fallen on the prisoner he had recognised him.

"'Count von Weldmann, a Spy!' he muttered to himself, and felt a queer sinking in his heart, for in those days immediately before the war he had known and liked this German nobleman, had entertained him, introduced him to his friends, and thought very highly of him, and now he was left with no option but to condemn the handsome young man before him, to death. He looked up sharply:

"'Have you anything to say?'

"The prisoner shrugged his shoulders.

"'No,' he said, and again—'No.'

"'These memoranda were made by you?' asked the Colonel.

"'It would be useless for me to deny it,' said the prisoner.

"He spoke in good English. Quietly the Colonel stared at him, wondering, for there was something in his eyes that he could not fathom, something strange and full of fear, and yet he knew that the Spy's courage was above question.

"'Then I do not see what more there is to be done.'

"Colonel Ferrers pulled savagely at his moustache. He hated this task of his, but, as he finished speaking he noticed a look almost of gladness come into the German's eyes. It puzzled him, and he glanced at the papers before him.

"'Have you searched the prisoner?'

"'Only roughly, sir.'

"'See that he has no more papers on him.'

"He never knew what had inspired him to ask the question at all, but when he saw the change that came over the Spy's face he knew that he had still something hidden.

"'Ah,' he said, as one of the soldiers pulled a small packet from where it had been concealed within the prisoner's shirt. He saw Weldmann strain at the rope, which tied his hands together behind his back. He heard the terrible cry of anguish which broke from his lips as the packet came in sight. The soldier approached and held it out to Colonel Ferrers.

"'Colonel!' cried Weldmann.

"'Well?'

"'The packet is a personal matter, purely personal. I give you my word of honour that——.'

Colonel Ferrers lifted up a hand:

"'What is the word of a German worth, do you think?'

"The Spy's face was almost livid.

"'Colonel,' he gasped, 'I swear by all that any man could hold sacred, that paper contains nothing save the honour of a woman.'

"'I regret, Count, my inability to believe you.'

"The Colonel glanced at the prisoner's face. It was quivering with the most terrible anguish he had ever seen. For a moment he felt inclined to toss the packet into the fire unopened, and then he knew it was impossible: he must see the contents, or he would be failing in his duty to his King, his country, and his regiment if he allowed his private feelings to sway him in this matter.

"'I regret my inability to believe you,' he said again, and burst the fastening.

"'Colonel, for God's sake——!'

"The prisoner's voice was broken, beseeching.

"'For God's sake, don't open it, or, if you must, do it when alone. Send these men away. I will explain to you privately.'

"There was a pause for some moments, and then Colonel Ferrers said quietly:

"'I will ask you to retire for five minutes, Major.'

'When he was alone with the prisoner he opened the packet and unfolded a letter. He passed his hands over his eyes as he read the address at the top: Hiltoncroft.', 'Hiltoncroft!' he muttered. He shook a little as he forced himself to read what followed, the cry of a woman's broken heart. Only a few lines, and yet what tragedy!

> "'Max, Max, O my darling, to-day I was married because I had to marry. I think my heart is broken. I have only one thing that keeps me alive, and that is the knowledge that I shall have your child, Max, to love and cherish, although he cannot bear your name. I know you would have married me, Max, had it been possible for me to wait, but it was not possible. So, on my wedding-day, I send you all my love and all my prayers, that you may be guarded from danger.—MADGE (no longer Ferrers).'

"The Colonel's hand was shaking like a leaf. He did not say a word to the Spy, who, white and haggard, leant over the table staring down at him. Instead of speaking he took a pair of scissors and clipped from the letter the address and the signature. Then he folded it and replaced it in the little packet. Still, without speaking, he thrust it into the prisoner's shirt. With trembling fingers he arranged the Count's tunic and rebuttoned it.

"The Englishman and the German stared into each other's eyes for a few moments, and then Colonel Ferrers threw up his hand in the salute.

"'You did your best, Count, and will die as a gentleman.'

"He touched the bell on the table, and when the Major entered he said calmly:

"'The prisoner will be shot at daybreak.'

"But when the footsteps had died away he crumpled up into his chair, a broken old man."

. . . . . .

The three men sitting in their chairs were staring silently in front of them as the officer finished his story. They were quivering, and all traces of somnolence had left them. They didn't speak a word when the wounded soldier turned away, but they noticed that his face twitched with some terrible emotion. But presently as they watched him with horror gripping their hearts he wheeled round on them. He was laughing:

"Gentlemen, I must apologise to you. The fact is I add to the pay of lieutenant by writing stories for magazines. The one I have related to you is my last effort, and I was, if you will pardon the expression, 'trying it on the dog.'"

C. STARR JOHNS

Back to the Front

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

MISS MARGA LA RUBIA

Whose very charming portrait appears above, is appearing at the Hammersmith Palace in "Lessons." She has had great successes as a Film actress, and is shortly going to America to pursue this branch of her profession

BELLICOSITIES

ACCORDING to trustworthy reports, the Huns are growing very uneasy about the prospects of their coming harvest. They need not worry themselves, however; for they may be quite confident that they are going to reap what they have sown.

"IN the name of the Emperor," declares Hindenburg to his exhausted troops, "I declare that there cannot be any question of peace until we have crossed the Dvina. Soldiers! If you wish for peace, go and seek it on the other side of the Dvina."

Certainly they will find it there—but only peace of that perfect kind that hymn-books tell us about.

ALTHOUGH he is now an involuntary soldier, the Cambridge objector who recently told the Tribunal that he could not pass a butcher's shop without shuddering should derive some solace from his evident conviction that the times are out of joint. But how did he bring himself to belong to a town that gives its name to a sausage?

TRAVELLERS on at least one of our railways are now confronted with this printed notice: "Discussions of naval and military matters may convey information to the enemy. Be on your guard." But it would have been safer to add that, if any passengers were heard to ignore this warning, their guard would be on them.

THE stupid and mischievous decision to suspend the watering of the roads this summer gives ground for the suspicion that our local as well as our imperial authorities are conspiring to throw dust in the eyes of the public.

WE are promised a book on "Winston Churchill in Peace and War." The author who can tell us what Winston is like in peace has evidently access to exclusive sources of information.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE must in fairness admit that the Government shows a generous disposition to meet him half-way. For instance, though it still refuses to part with its Kitchener, it is readily acceding to the *Daily Mail* request for the provision of a new register.

THE men who are asking in vain for "a bit of ribbon," as an evidence of the fact that they have served at the Front, should not be too hard on the War Office, which, they should remember, is always ready with an inexhaustible supply of red tape.

SOMEONE, writing to a daily paper, lately describes the new practice of plastering the hoardings with official warnings and admonitions as "Government by Poster." So far, only one member of the House of Commons seems to be thoroughly convinced of the wisdom of the system of Government by Billing.

THE ROW IN 1916: DRAWN BY MR. WALTER WINANS

LADY *(alarmed)*: "Now then, which side are you going?"
HORSEMAN (?): "To be quite frank with you, I don't know"

[*We are pleased to welcome Mr. Winans, the famous horse-owner, breeder and driver, among the artist contributors to* THE BYSTANDER.—ED.]

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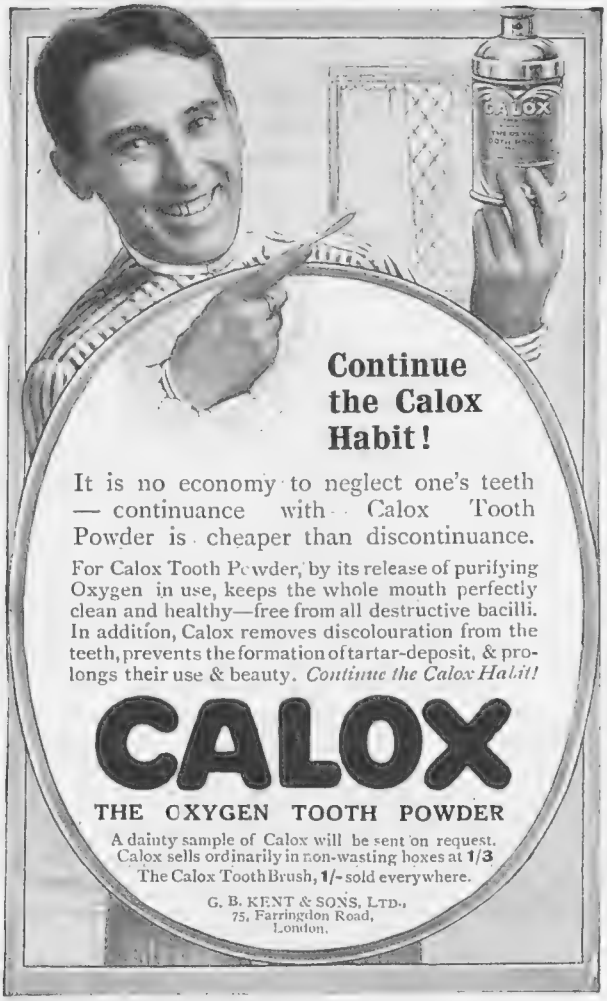

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Books of the Week

SOME MEMOIRS AND TWO NOVELS

Theatrical Memoirs

WHAT those highly respectable people who flourished in the middle of last century would say could they have lived to see our theatres and music-halls of to-day would probably be much the same as the playgoers of to-day would say if some manager were to reproduce the successes of the 'sixties and 'seventies. There would be exceptions, of course, but in the main the criticism would be: "How in the name of Garrick could such stuff please the public?" It has probably fallen to the lot of Mr. H. G. Hibbert to visit more plays and to know more theatrical folk during the last fifty years than the great majority of his contemporaries. And being a journalist, who is a man trained to write what the public likes to read, it is only natural to expect from his *Fifty Years of a Londoner's Life* (Grant Richards: 10*s*. 6*d*. net) a feast of good things.

Delightful Anecdotage

And in truth the book is full of a delightful anecdotage. As Mr. T. P. O'Connor says in a preface, "Mr. Hibbert is a walking encyclopædia of everything and of everybody who for close upon forty years have figured before the public." It may be that the music-hall has pride of place in his entertaining chapters, but, then, it is perhaps the growth of the music-hall which, excepting the more recent development of the picture-palace, most definitely marks the period under review.

MR. H. G. HIBBERT

Whose book, "Fifty Years of a Londoner's Life," is cram-full of interesting recollections and good stories, especially those dealing with the theatrical world

Rise of the "Hall"

Incidentally, Mr. Hibbert explains the origin of the "two houses a night" system. It apparently occurred in a small hall at Chatham, where an earlier entertainment was provided for the Tommies and a later one "after hours," so to speak, for their officers. Those were the days when the great George Leybourne was singing "Champagne Charley" to audiences which seemed never to tire of him. There can never have been anyone quite like him, but each dog has his day, and most of those who delighted to listen to poor Dan Leno had probably never even heard of the earlier favourite's name. These were good old days on the stage, as elsewhere, and Mr. Hibbert manages to give a fairly complete account of the more important changes which he has lived to see. His book does not pretend to be a serious history, but in places it comes near to being something of the kind, a fact which is by no means to its disadvantage.

"Nobody"

If there is one American writer who is master of the "situation" it is Louis J. Vance. He is, indeed, one of the best sensational novelists in the States, none the less so because he differs from many of his rivals in writing good English. *Nobody* (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s*.) is possibly not so exciting as some of his earlier works, but here, in the extraordinary adventures of a New York young woman with no money in her pocket, there is ample proof that Mr. Vance is not losing his cunning. You may argue that it is hard to understand the curious behaviour of most of the guests in Mrs. Gosnold's house, but if her guests had been the usual week-enders Mr. Vance would have had no story to write. *Nobody* passes an hour or two very pleasantly indeed.

"The Duel"

Alexander Kuprin's *The Duel* (Allen and Unwin: 6*s*.) was incompletely translated some years ago and issued under the title of *In Honour's Name*. The new translation is poor, but much fuller than its predecessor. Kuprin himself served in the Russian Army before he settled down to write, and *The Duel* gives a picture of the Russian Army as no doubt it was in the days before the Japanese War. Inevitably the German *Life in a Garrison Town* comes to mind, but the Russian's methods are much subtler and more satisfactory. Poor Lieutenant Romashov has a bad time in the Army, but it is probably his own fault. There are some men who are not born to be soldiers. It may be that Kuprin himself is one of these, and that into *The Duel* he has collected together his most unpleasant memories. In its new English dress the book leaves a gloomy impression, but well repays reading.

"Kultur"

Two severe indictments of Germany may be noticed together. Mr. Henry de Halsalle's *Degenerate Germany* (Werner Laurie: 2*s*. 6*d*. net) should for all time dispel any good impression you may have formed of Germany's social life and psychology. In a series of terrible chapters he paints the country in what must be accepted as her true colours. The author himself admits that they do not make pleasant reading; nor do they. If you are a peace crank you may argue that a clever writer could prove any country under the sun to be the wickedest place upon earth, but it would be exceedingly difficult to adduce such a quantity of documentary evidence as Mr. de Halsalle here sets forth. His book is well worth reading. The other indictment is a translation from the French of Jeanne and Frederick Régamey. *The Daughters of Germany* (Holden and Hardingham: 5*s*. net) supplements Mr. de Halsalle's book. You may have heard of the "honest German frau" and of "the simplicity of German family life." *The Daughters of Germany*, in spite of the fact that it deals largely with a single class, may help to alter your opinion.

R. S.

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LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Ye Gods" at the Kingsway Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS "Fantastical Farce," as it is called, is a tremendously energetic affair. And there are moments when humorous situations are taken so seriously by their exponents that they would do duty very well for plain unvarnished tragedy. A learned professor returning from his African travels has brought with him three large-sized idols, the gods of a savage tribe. The precious objects arrive at a country house which is entertaining a number of ordinarily frivolous people. For the amusement of the company, Jimmy Carter puts the gods up to a mock auction, and even goes so far as to slap the face of the largest of them, Wonga-Wonga by name, in a light-hearted spirit of derision. I regret I was unable to see the humour of this proceeding.

❋

A MOMENT after Jimmy has committed his rash act there are thunders and lightnings, and the company flies away in terror. Jimmy remains to hear the curse of Wonga-Wonga, whose image has suddenly come to life. It is to the effect that from that moment every woman he meets will fall desperately in love with him, with the exception of the one woman whose love he desires. It is a test of constancy that is, happily, rather rare among mortal men. Having uttered the curse, Wonga-Wonga lapses into silence again, and the stage is lit up showing us Jimmy in the arms of a doctor looking like a man who has suffered from a very bad fit of something. The realism of the scene destroys any claim it may have to be considered farcical, though as to whether it is fantastical or not may well be a matter of opinion.

❋

IN the second act the curse materialises. Jimmy is first of all attacked by a very comely maid-servant (Miss Pauline Hugen), who vows she loves him and him alone, in spite of the difference in their stations of life. Jimmy is, of course, properly shocked at this touching display of unrequited affection, and I am sure we should all, in his place, have been men enough to do the same as he did. (We should, shouldn't we?) When the sweet little creature learns that she is not loved as she ought to be, she has violent hysterics and is taken off the stage screaming with the most realistic anguish. This, again, is not farcical. It is, if anything, rather distressing. If there is one subject that has lent itself to farcical humour through the ages it is this theme of the maid who is dazzled by the fascinations, real or imaginary, of

JIMMY HAS A SLIGHT REVERSE

"the master." But the treatment of the subject here makes it a thing of pathos instead of a giddy little joke at which we could have all laughed comfortably.

❋

AT this stage the plot thickens rapidly. One after another the ladies come into the room and announce themselves as victims of Jimmy's unconscious fascination. Most of them make love in the same way by advancing towards their prey with their arms outstretched for the right kind of amorous embrace. I have an idea, however, that all ladies do not make love in the same way. Some are demonstrative; while others operate with a silent and deadly subtlety, and they do say that the quiet ones are the worst. I need hardly say that I know nothing of such matters myself, but you can't help noticing things as you go through the world, however innocent your intentions may be.

❋

ONE of the ladies who makes love to Jimmy is the wife of an ex-prize-fighter, who is a very jealous man; and it will be easily understood that the situation thus created gives promise of plenty of good ripe excitement. But the excitement is neither farcical nor fantastical. Mr. Lauderdale Maitland, who represents the ex-pugilist, seems to have overlooked the fact that he is playing in farce and not in serious drama. This is another scene that is deprived of its humour by the over-conscientiousness of the actor. One of the ladies has just become engaged to a fiery old Colonel, who naturally enough proposes to make his wrongs the subject of a duel. Here, again, an idea that might have been enjoyable, if treated in the proper farcical spirit, is made quite too deadly serious for anything. The climax occurs when the ladies under the influence of the spell combine in pursuit of the blood of their victim. They come on the stage chanting about "love and blood" with an energy which, while it may be quite correct from the historical point of view, is hopelessly out of place even in a farce with pretensions to fantasy. If it be admitted that the gods of other men are subjects for mirth, then the idea of the play is sufficiently humorous. But the authors have been too conscientious about their local colour, and the company, many of whom are artists of distinction, have taken their job too seriously. Mr. Charles Windermere does all that can be done with the part of Jimmy, and Mr. Fred Eastman is quite good as a comic butler; but I could wish that the tale had been told in a lighter strain.

JINGLE

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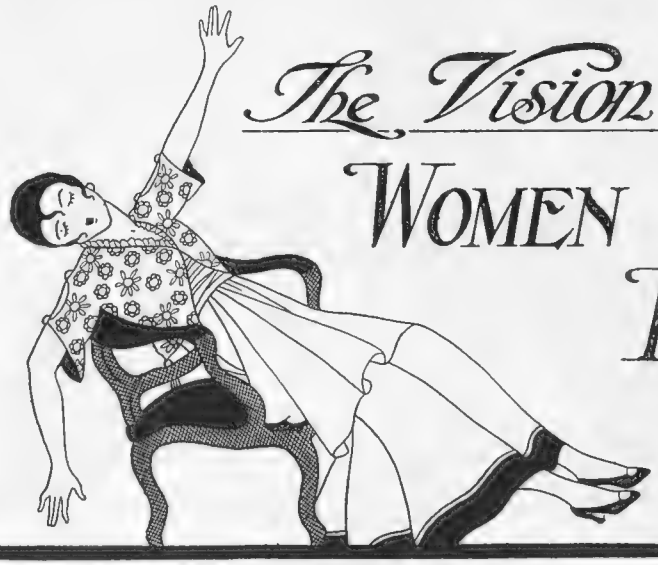
The new play at the Kingsway Theatre: full of vivacity and (probably) vitality, even if at times its realism prevents its being either so farcical or fantastic as it represents itself to be



The Vision Feminine

Women Who Bore Us

BY "EFEMERA"

Illustrated by Hill Clarke

Symptoms

Of course, they don't know it, poor dears. No human being, male or female, ever realises that he or she is a bore. One generally knows without being told that one has measles or whooping-cough or a running cold in the head, but the disease of being a bore is much more insidious—so much so, indeed, that the afflicted person rarely if ever perceives the signs. And yet the symptoms are quite plain: first a slight dullness in those present, followed by silence and growing restlessness; a distinct tendency on their part to avoid prolonged conversation; a gradual, but pronounced, falling-off in invitations to dine; and, when the disease has reached its height, the patient when paying calls experiences great difficulty in finding people at home. One would think that this would be enough to open the eyes of any woman, but it is not; the first effect of being a bore is to dull one's social perceptions.

"Who regales you at length with the smart sayings of her babies"

Silence is Golden—But——

There are various kinds of female bores. The most common—and the easiest to avoid—is the silent woman. She has nothing to say, and she says it with stolid finality, or else she regards her company as beneath her own intellectual level and contemptuously holds her tongue. Either way the effect is the same. But she is a fairly innocuous type. Her case can successfully be met by neglect; unless, unfortunately, she happens to be a personage.

The Domestic Bore

Far more difficult to deal with is the woman who considers her personal interests, her family, her house, her servants, her pets, as subjects of paramount importance and interest; who regales you at dismal length with the smart sayings of her babies. In fact, any woman who insists upon monopolising the conversation when you are—well, not exactly longing to do the same—let us say, eager to trot out your own experiences—is an unmitigated bore, and in her presence you are helpless. Confronted by her pleasant smile and uninterrupted flow of trivialities, all that you can do is to simulate polite attention while murmuring frantically to yourself: "Will this agony never cease?" This, too, is generally the woman who, when calling upon you, never can make up her mind to go; who in her own drawing-room detains you remorselessly until you are ready to scream. You cannot, unless by feigning sudden indisposition, leave in the middle of her account of little Willie's illness or the cook's iniquities.

Set a Bore to Catch a Bore

The vapid woman, too, is a trial. Aping a vivacity not hers by nature, she must be "bright" at all costs and at all times. Her vapourings may reduce one to the verge of resentful imbecility, but occasionally she is an asset: for instance, when one has to entertain gentlemen of mature years and sluggish imagination, the heavy fat-cigar kind. Her frothiness saves them the trouble of thinking of something to say. One can, quite successfully, set one kind of bore to entertain another—both are helpless, and at least one can derive a certain amusement from watching the encounter. We all enjoy the spectacle of Greek meeting Greek.

Too Good To Be True

The sentimental fool is more tiresome. Sweetness is her pose. She is incurably sloppy, and you cannot escape the drip. Everyone and everything is "too delightful," "too charming," or "too sweet, don't you think?" from the Prime Minister down to her latest Peke puppy. She sentimentalises equally over war babies (not so many of these, after all), the Sinn Feiners—even the "poor Germans." She is all unchildlike innocence, ignorance, and mush. Very

(Continued on page 414)

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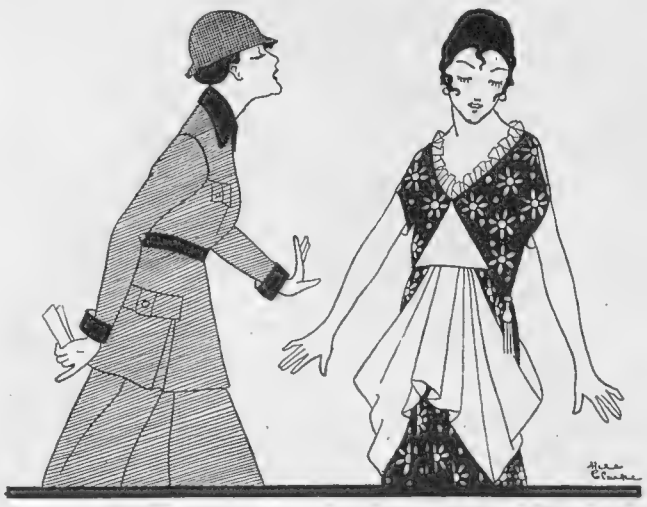
THE VISION FEMININE (*concluded from page 412*)

"feminine," perhaps, but we could do with considerably less femininity of this sort. Somehow the sweet pity never seems to stray in the right direction—and she is very apt to be something of a shrew at her own fireside. Peevish, in any case.

⁂ ⁂

The Woman Who Enjoys Poor Health

INVALIDISM is, happily, out of fashion, but the woman still exists who inflicts upon one the entire history, chapter and verse, of her latest illness, or the operation she underwent last year. Not a symptom are you spared. Or if not the illness itself it is that wonderful cure. . . . "At the beginning, my dear, I was a perfect wreck. . . . You wouldn't know I was the same person . . . and Dr. X—— is such a dear, so sympathetic. He understood my case from the very first. . . ." And so on *ad libitum, ad nauseam.*



"She is full of enthusiasm, bubbling over"

⁂ ⁂

Enthusiasm versus Earnestness

LAST, there is the woman all sound and fury, who never by any chance accomplishes anything, but who makes enough stir about it to have created the Universe single-handed. She is full of enthusiasm, bubbling over. Always the latest scheme, however; she never sticks to any one thing. Now it is Red Cross, now munitions-work, now hospital supplies, now canteens, now soldiers' and sailors' wives. . . . And whichever interests her for the moment is her one and only subject of conversation. She talks, talks, talks as though it were the only thing in the world: then before you have recovered she is hot foot on a fresh trail. But she is not always dull; she is often very amusing—quite unlike the earnest lady, the woman with a mission. No facile enthusiasm here; all is sobriety, seriousness—and lack of humour. The earnest woman is out to instruct, to convert you; not to entertain. She is full of information, statistics and what not, and she button-holes you mercilessly until she has had her say. There is no escape; a polite show of interest encourages her, indifference or hostility drives her to fresh efforts.

EFEMERA

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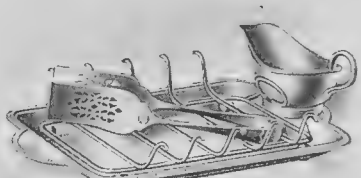

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DEAR MR. DAWSON—I am glad to add my tribute to those which I am sure you must receive from every student of yours who knows a good thing when he sees it. I am positive that anyone with average intelligence and a little natural ability, who intends taking up Art as a profession—no matter how ignorant he may be at the beginning—cannot fail to lay a sound foundation for future success by carefully following your *clever, practical, and most interesting lessons.* If this letter leads anyone who doubts the value of postal instruction to take your Course, I shall feel that I have been the means of doing them a good turn. You are at liberty to use my name as an endorsement of my entire faith in your amazingly efficient, original, and inspiriting system.—

Your faithfully,
A. CHANTREY CORBOULD.

Capt. BAIRNSFATHER

(Most famous artist of the War. His "Fragments from France" in "The Bystander" are the talk of the Town):

DEAR MR. DAWSON.—I consider your Art Course excellent in every way. The mass of technical instruction it contains and *its stimulating* influence upon one's efforts make it invaluable. Even now I still have it by me for reference and find it *an immense aid.*—Yours very sincerely,

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER.

The TEST SKETCH.

One of hundreds of sketches by Chas. E. Dawson in the P.C.C. Course. It illustrates his lesson on rapid brush-work for newspaper advertisement.

Caricature of Arnold Bennett in the "Bookman."

GLASGOW.

Some time ago you criticised a caricature I had done of Arnold Bennett, and you may be interested to hear that it has appeared in the *Bookman.*

Winner First Prize "Studio" Competition. £25—plus Satisfaction.

ESBANK, N.B

I won first prize (£25) in the *Studio* Competition for a Sardine Poster. This fully justified my taking your Course, which has been most useful to me. It is very complete, and I must thank you for the satisfaction I have got from your instruction, and the care taken in giving me information on such a wide range of subjects

ESHER.

I have earned £1 10s. designing a Roll of Honour

PONTYPRIDD

I am quite pleased, having sold three designs.

Winner First Prize "Drawing" Competition.

GLASGOW.

I gained first prize in "Drawing" Competition. Without the splendid instruction I received through your P.C.C Course I could never have hoped to obtain this result.

Practical Progress.

FALMER.

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ANY reader ambitious to draw for reproduction in black-and-white or colours, sell sketches by post, and earn while learning, can have the benefit of Mr. Dawson's opinion as to his or her chances of success, *gratis.*

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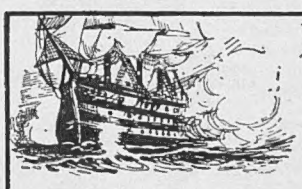

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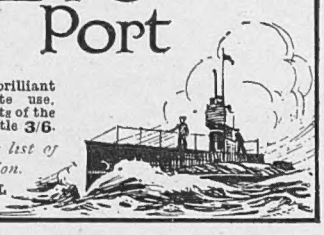

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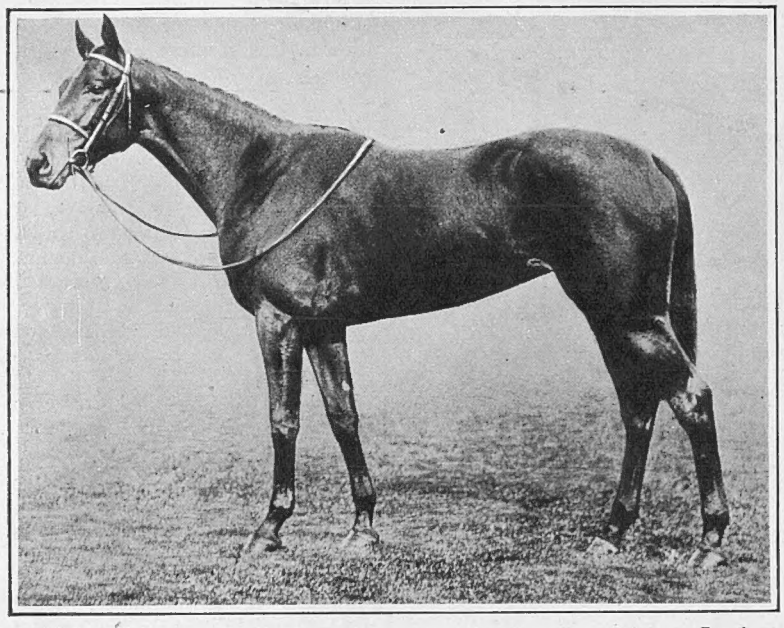
Racing: Derby and Oaks

BY "CARBINE"

The Turf and Its Critics

LAST week the German papers were bragging about the success which had attended the race meeting at Grunewald, the big attendance, and the large amount of cash which changed hands at the Pari-Mutuel being quoted as evidence of "economic power and the plentifulness of money after twenty-two months of war." The German Derby is to be run as usual at Hamburg this month, and many other fixtures are arranged. And yet racing in England is attacked every week in the House of Commons, and the intolerant persecutors of the Turf are striving to abolish those very few fixtures which are now granted us. The petrol squeeze (what fabulous profits the oil kings must be amassing!) affords the faddists a rare chance to give racing a nasty stab, but a judicious relaxation of the regulation forbidding the use of ordinary trains to racegoers would at once relieve that trouble.



Photograph *Rouch*

LORD DERBY'S CANYON

Winner of the One Thousand Guineas, and expected to win again this week

Far Away From Epsom

This week the Derby is being run far from its old home at Epsom. There will be nothing of the holiday element usually associated with the great race, none of the "jolly fun of the fair" which traditionally accompanies the Epsom meeting, no coaching or picnic-parties, no raucous frivolity. The Derby in war-time is run two or three miles outside Newmarket on the delightful July course. In the ordinary way you get a comparative handful of enthusiasts for the racing there. Of course, a much bigger crowd than is usually seen on the July course will assemble to see the Derby and the Oaks, and strangers will not fail to appreciate the charms of the place. The course has a picturesque background in the shape of a thick plantation, under whose tall trees the horses are walked and saddled.

Canyon and the Classic Events

Lord Falmouth and Lord Derby were the winners of the first two classic races of the season. Success for such honoured names in racing could scarcely fail to be generally popular, even though their winners were not public favourites. There is a good chance this week that Lord Derby will add to his winning record; for his smart filly, Canyon, is well fancied for the Derby. The result of this race will be known before my notes reach the reader, so it is unnecessary for me to endeavour to forecast the probable result. I have an idea, however, that the best three-year-old fillies are better than the best colts this season, and it will be interesting to discover whether the Derby running will confirm this view.

Interesting Questions

Several other very interesting questions to racegoers are to be settled this week. Does Figaro really stay? or was his success in the Newmarket Stakes mainly due to the fact that Clarissimus was badly off colour? Will Kwang Su have improved so much as to wipe out the beating which Canyon gave him in the Dewhurst Plate last autumn? Has Fifinella come on sufficiently since the Guineas to be able to regain the reputation she held as a two-year-old of being the best of her age? All these points should be determined in the Derby, and then on Thursday will come the Oaks, in which Canyon and Fifinella may possibly fight their battle over again.

The Oaks

The fact that the two crack fillies are engaged in a strenuous race two days previously is a rare stroke of luck for the other fillies in the Oaks, who, of course, will come out fresh and well. I look upon Wet Kiss and Salamandra as the best of the Oaks entry apart from Canyon and Fifinella. The first-named belongs to that popular ex-jockey, William Higgs, and is undoubtedly a filly of class. Still, I shall expect the success of **Canyon**, and in her absence WET KISS would be my choice.

Pommern Again

We are promised a treat on Wednesday in the reappearance of Pommern. Unless he has unexpectedly lost form this champion ought to win the June Stakes; indeed, it is difficult to perceive any real danger to him in the race. Another very interesting feature of the second day will be the meeting of those speedy three-year-olds, Phalaris and **Salandra**, of whom I think the latter is at present the better. A trifle on **Sibyl Grey** on Wednesday and on **Irish Recruit** each way on the following day may enable visitors to pay their expenses.

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815 x 105	Steel Studded	20,000	,,
880 x 135	"Griprib"	7,150	,,
880 x 135	,, ...	6,050	,,
760 x 90	Square Tread	10,000	,,
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880 x 135	"Griprib"	10,726	,,
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WHAT is wanted is a really sound British car, at a really moderate and inclusive figure.

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ARROL-JOHNSTON, LTD.
Dumfries.

Of Motoring Interest

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Boillot Killed

GEORGES BOILLOT is dead before Verdun, where but a few days ago he won the Legion of Honour for his exploits as aviator. One of the greatest figures in the great race game of motoring disappears in him. Automobilism may well halt for a little while in tribute to one who served it splendidly, and so splendidly died.

***

Still Rising

PETROL is up again, this time to 2*s.* 10*d.* per gallon, which is probably the highest price charged in any country in the world. The British motorist is bearing more restrictions (most of them unnecessary), and, all things considered, paying more dearly for running his vehicle, than the motorist of France, Italy, Switzerland, Russia, or elsewhere outside enemy countries. If it is a sign of greatness to help others to secure the goods we want at less than the price we ourselves have to pay, then, verily, we are a great people.

***

Alcoholic Hopes

ALAS! All hope of a home-grown potato spirit fuel for motor-cars seems knocked on the head by the analysis of Mr. Fraser Sinclair in the *Motor*. With murderous precision, he works out the proposition in figures that cannot lie until he arrives at the conclusion that the cost of production of a comparatively inefficient alcoholic fuel must always be considerably higher (anything from a third upwards) than petrol. And where's the use of going out to slaughter petrol companies with the competition of a fuel that costs more and isn't so good? Where are we to look for salvation? Benzol after the war? Perhaps. But the national ownership of oilfields reads more likely.

***

R.A.C. Service

THE R.A.C. has rendered one useful service, and in rendering it has blown sky-high the suggestion of the War Savings Committee concerning the millions wasted on motoring. If you would have the details of the evidence collected from the private and trade motorist all round the country, it is available at the R.A.C. It shows (*inter alia*) that at least 100,000 private cars have been voluntarily given to national service during the past year, and have run at least 12,500,000 miles in that service. They have run nearly five million miles in the mercy work of wounded transportation, which alone has represented a cost to motorists and a saving to the country of about £114,790, apart from the £7,650 paid in revenue on petrol consumed. There is the enormous mileage covered in health rides for convalescent troops, which is not taken into account at all. On the whole a most convincing document of patriotic effort upon which the R.A.C. may properly be congratulated. All of it goes to show how useful the R.A.C. can be when it likes.

EFFICIENT COMBINATION

An Avon-tyred Vauxhall Staff Car which has done nearly 10,000 miles over rough roads and desert tracks. The car has never given a moment's trouble and is (*pace* its driver) running as well as, or better than, when new. The original tyres are still on the front wheels

Sunday Motoring

SUNDAY motoring, about the only sort the average motorist can afford nowadays, and about the only day upon which he has an opportunity for a very necessary health-drive, is likely to be stopped under the Defence of the Realm Act—that all-embracing statute which has the liberty to do anything it likes and stop anything it likes without need to offer reasons or listen to just protests. And hardly one of the guardians and foster-mothers of motoring strong enough to lodge a complaint for fear of being misunderstood. Ochone!

***

A Record Gone

THE last (I think) and the greatest of the many records (of one sort and another) set up by Mr. S. F. Edge on the Napier car has gone. Driving a Hudson car at Sheepshead Bay, Ralph Mulford has covered 1,819 miles in the twenty-four hours against the 1581 miles 1,310 yards recorded by Mr. Edge. Even if I had particulars of the Hudson car a comparison would have no value. The modern automobile is a considerably developed vehicle by the side of the best in the year of the Edge record. The present car ought to be equal to a very much better performance. The Hudson's achievements indicates that in some respects it is. If we could get another specially tuned Napier of the latest type, or a Sunbeam, or some other typically British machine, and get another Edge to drive it, we could make contrasts. But we have rather more important things to do just at present than run races against clocks. Therefore the Hudson record is not likely to be challenged for a while, if ever. We ought to be past the stage where races are regarded as necessary, or of particular value as tests. For sport, yes. For purposes of utilitarian value, a little goes quite a long way.

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Austin Affairs

AN Austin interim catalogue has come along. It serves to bridge the hiatus between now and the happier "presently." It indicates the vehicles you might have if the War Office would sanction the supply, and the vehicles you can have presently, when the war is over and the firm has finished manufacturing for war purposes. It also suggests that the firm, absorbed at the moment in satisfying Governmental demands, is not without thought for the future. I may add that if appetite is whetted by this catalogue of Austin automobiles (and I do not see how any healthy appetite could fail of a whetting) there is a waiting list, and the names on it will be satisfied first.

C.A.V. ACCUMULATORS—British made throughout—for Ignition, Lighting, Starting, and Portable work. An accumulator for every purpose. Write us your requirements—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ld., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W